

WAR MESSAGE



THE WEATHER.

Fair tonight; Sunday unsettled, generally fair; increasing south to southeasterly winds.
Sun rises, 4:30; sets, 6:00.
Length of day, 13:30.
High tide, 6:45 a. m.; 6:00 p. m.
Temperatures: Boston 52, Chicago 55, New York 56, Los Angeles 62, San Francisco 54, Philadelphia 54, Washington 52, Denver 36, St. Louis 44.

BOSTON AMERICAN

VOL. 11—No. 29.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1914.

Printed in U. S. and Great Britain.

PRICE ONE CENT.

10 O'CLOCK
EDITION

THE NET PAID CIRCULATION

—OF THE—

SUNDAY AMERICAN . . 352,937

SUNDAY POST 301,104

SUNDAY AMERICAN LEADS the
Sunday Post in Sunday Circulation by **51,833**

The Boston Post, daily and Sunday editions, has filed its circulation report with the government as required by law, and gives its NET PAID figures as follows:

Sunday Post 301,104

Morning Post 372,045

The Sunday AMERICAN and Evening AMERICAN'S sworn report of
NET PAID circulation follows:

Sunday AMERICAN 352,937

Evening AMERICAN 371,911

The Morning Post's average daily NET PAID circulation OVER the Evening AMERICAN per day, one hundred and thirty four copies—

134

The Morning Post's average DAILY LOSS IN CIRCULATION for six months ending March, 1914,

20,678

The Evening AMERICAN'S average DAILY INCREASE for six months ending March, 1914,

6,612

The Sunday AMERICAN'S INCREASE IN NET PAID CIRCULATION over six months ending September, 1913,

13,835

The Sunday Post's INCREASE in NET PAID CIRCULATION over six months ending September, 1913,

13,200

The Sunday AMERICAN leads the Sunday Post every Sunday by

51,833

GOING UP!

The Evening AMERICAN, daily
INCREASE,

6,612

GOING DOWN!

The Morning Post, DAILY LOSS,

20,678

The Figures Used Above Are the Sworn Reports made by the AMERICAN and Post to U. S. Government.

THE SUNDAY AMERICAN

Monarch of All New England Sunday Newspapers

START MIDDLESEX 'RING' PROBE ULTIMATUM BY WILSON

WAR CERTAIN UNLESS HUERTA BACKS DOWN

PATRIOTS' DAY.

All editions of the AMERICAN will be issued as usual on Monday, April 20, Patriots' Day. For a complete account of all the observances of the day including the big Marathon race, read Monday's AMERICAN.

JURY WILL ACT; SUE SHERIFF

District Attorney William J. Corcoran of Cambridge announced today that he had called a special session of the Middlesex County Grand Jury for Monday, May 25, at Lowell.

This will give the special session a week in which to consider whatever matters may be presented to it before the time for the regular June sitting.

Middlesex County affairs will be thoroughly probed, as well as acts of certain members of the Lowell city government.

Officials of the county and of the city of Lowell will be summoned as witnesses.

Another matter which is expected to occupy the attention of the District Attorney and the Grand Jury men will require the attendance as witnesses of many men of great financial prominence in Boston. Allegations have been made of gigantic irregularities which come well within the scope of Grand Jury consideration.

District Attorney Corcoran also announced that he had today instituted suit against Sheriff John R. Fairbanks of Middlesex County for \$25,000 to recover in the shortage on county books. This refers to the case of the late Fred Smith, who was hounded at the Middlesex House of Correction, and who died very suddenly, on the morning of the very day on which an investigation into his books was begun. Smith was a subordinate to the sheriff and the latter, in the opinion of the District Attorney, is responsible financially.

Sheriff Fairbanks's counsel is Henry C. Sawyer, former assistant district attorney when John J. Higgins was district attorney. Mr. Sawyer has the writ in Mr. Corcoran's suit. The writ is returnable at East Cambridge on Monday, June 1.

COULDN'T FIND WORK, SUICIDE

Fred J. Bullock, a man of forty-two, shot himself in the basement of the apartment house at No. 79 Marshall street, Winter Hill, today.

He had gone down cellar, he told his mother, to get some clothes from a trunk there. When he did not return, she went down to the cellar and found him lying dead on the floor.

The mother is seventy-two years old, and the shock was terrible. She accused, and others came running upon the stairs.

Bullock was a Newport, R. I., business man. He ran a store there up till a few months ago, but business troubles forced him to sell his store. Since then efforts to find a position had been unavailing. His health failed under the stress and he became despondent.

A few days ago he came to visit his mother. She—Mrs. Mary Bullock—was a widow. His aunt, Mrs. Helen Tuck, lives with her. A brother, Charles W. Bullock, is a traveling salesman, now on the road.

Just before 8 o'clock this morning he left his mother's apartment, fully dressed—with the words: "I'm going down to get something from my trunk." On the way down he met two or three people and stopped for a moment's talk. Then he went to the cellar and from his trunk took the bullet which penetrated the left side. No one heard the shot, and the bullet was not discovered till his mother came down an hour later.

Vincent Astor Has Restful Night

STAATSBURG, N. Y., April 18.—The two physicians in attendance upon Vincent Astor, America's richest bachelor, who is ill with congestion of the right lung at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Huntington announced today that Mr. Astor had passed a restful night and that his temperature is now normal.

"Satisfactory improvement," in the condition of the young patient was reported. Mr. Astor wanted to leave his bed and sit up for a time but the physicians refused to allow him.

Miss Helen Dinmore Huntington to whom Mr. Astor is to be married awaits most of her time at the bedside of her fiancé.

Line-ups for Today

RED SOX.
Hooper, right field.
Engle, first base.
Speaker, centre field.
Lewis, left field.
Gardner, third base.
Yerkes, second base.
Scott, shortstop.
Carrigan, catcher.
Collins, pitcher.

PHILADELPHIA.
Murphy, right field.
Daley, centre field.
Collins, second base.
Baker, third base.
Molins, first base.
Strunk, left field.
Barny, shortstop.
Lapp, catcher.
Brown, pitcher.
Plank, pitcher.

The gravity of the situation was fully shown today when the President stated that Huerta was still insisting upon doing something less than has been demanded and something less than would constitute an acknowledgment that his representatives were entirely in the wrong in the indignities they have put upon the United States.

"The President has determined that if General Huerta has not yielded by 6 o'clock Sunday afternoon he will take the matter to Congress on Monday," added a memorandum issued at the White House.

This decision of the President threatens war. This action of the administration in giving Huerta thirty hours in which to comply with the United States demand followed receipt of Huerta's refusal to fire the salute according to naval etiquette and precedent.

The Mexican dictator reiterated his demand that the salutes be fired simultaneously. This, the American government holds, would destroy the effect of the salute and make it nothing more than a farce.

Huerta was accordingly informed that unless the salute was

Continued on Page 4, Column 1.

WEDDING AS BIRTHDAY GIFT.
LEOMINSTER, April 18.—Miss Elizabeth Paul of Leominster and George W. Hancock of Fitchburg gave themselves to each other yesterday as birthday presents. Each was 22 years old yesterday and were married in St. Mark's Church.

TWO KILLED IN BALTIMORE TUNNEL.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 18.—Two workmen were killed early today, when they were run down by an electric motor of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in the tunnel under Green Mountain avenue.

ASSASSIN AT BAY CHESTER KEENE IN \$25,000 BAIL

NEW YORK, April 15.—Michael J. Mahoney, who attempted to assassinate Mayor John Purroy Mitchell and wounded Corporation Counsel Frank Lyon Fols yesterday, was taken before Magistrate Simms in the Tombs Police Court today upon the charge of attempted homicide, and was held in \$25,000 bail to await the action of the grand jury next week. Subsequently he will be examined by a commission to determine his mental condition.

At his examination before Magistrate Simms, the prisoner received marked signs of derangement and underwent a severe examination by Commissioner Arthur H. Woods, who gave plain evidence of mental aberration.

QUESTIONS WOODS.
"Are you the gentleman who first jumped on me after I fired the shot at the Mayor?" Mahoney asked Commissioner Woods.

"Yes," replied the commissioner. "Well, I must say you don't look like the gentleman who fired the shot," said Mahoney. "I understand that gentleman is under confinement by order of the Mayor."

Magistrate Simms then asked Mahoney if he wanted counsel. "No, I don't want any counsel," the prisoner replied. "Let the law go ahead."

After Commissioner Woods and Deputy Commissioner Rutin had briefly examined Magistrate Simms, the request of Assistant District Attorney Fols, dated the 14th at 11:00, was read.

Mahoney laughed aloud when he heard the sum, and turned to the prosecutor. "Well, why don't you make it still higher? You might as well add a bit to that amount."

District Attorney Whitman asked after the hearing that he had no doubts that Mahoney is insane. He added that the grand jury would probably return an indictment against the man and that he (Whitman) would immediately ask for the appointment of a lunacy commission. It is understood that District Attorney Fols and Charles F. McDonald, who signed the petition in the Shaw case will compose the commission.

HEADED FOR MATTHEW.
After an examination of Mahoney and the facts the commission is expected to report that he is insane. Then without the necessity of a trial it is the intention of the grand jury to commit the prisoner to the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Mattawoman.

When Mahoney left his cell at police headquarters to be taken to the Tombs, Mahoney was complained that he was cold. He said that the detectives had allowed him to sleep from 4 to 5 o'clock.

"Are you hungry?" asked Mahoney, the doorman.

"No, I would like to have something hot to drink," said Mahoney. "Borden secured some beer for me and the old man attacked the food eagerly. When he had finished eating he said:

"You are the first man who has shown me any sympathy since I was taken for a murderer."

CARD FOR MITCHELL.
As a direct result of Mahoney's crime Mayor Mitchell was guarded night and day by order of Commissioner Woods, who has assigned a secret service squad under Acting Captain Kerr and his men to guard the mayor and his family. Eight men will take turns in guarding the mayor and his family, and the street and in his office.

Corporation Counsel Fols is expected to recover from the wound inflicted by the one who fired by Mahoney before he was overpowered by Police Commissioner Arthur H. Woods and Charles F. McDonald. New York was resting comfortably at the New York Hospital, though he had suffered considerable pain during the night, sleeping only at intervals after the bullet had been removed from under the tongue.

Unless complications set in, it is believed that Mr. Fols will be able to leave the hospital in two days. He is likely to leave the hospital from the wound for the rest of his life.

NEW WILBUR THEATRE OPENS MONDAY NIGHT; DORIS KEANE TO STAR

The new Wilbur Theatre, which will have its formal opening Monday night, gave Boston a playhouse that cannot be excelled in beauty of design or convenience to its patrons.

In this country, it is the first of the smallest intimate theatres to be built in Boston, having a seating capacity of just a little over 1,000.

The theatre is a masterpiece of design, and its architecture is a masterpiece of design. The exterior of the theatre is a masterpiece of design.

The Wilbur is a distinct addition to Boston's recent architectural acquisitions. The exterior of the theatre is a masterpiece of design.

An innovation will be found in the lounge at the foot of the grand staircase leading from either end of the auditorium to the balcony boxes.

The prevailing note in the architecture and decoration is the American taste and style. It has a worthy tradition and a new and all the more acceptable to the English for its distinctive character.

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A. L. Wilbur, whose name is given to the new Wilbur Theatre.

**FITZ, IN PAPER
DRAWS SIGNS ON
SHAKESPEARE**

Without mentioning Mayor Curley by name, ex-Mayor Fitzgerald, in the current issue of the weekly paper, The Republic, draws signs on Shakespeare.

The Republic alludes to a magazine article on the great poet-dramatist, then proceeds to draw the well-known person who has been looking at the recent Shakespearean tournament in London.

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PAID RAPID SHOOTING BOY POLICE HELD AS SLYER

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 15.—Squads of armed police searched the East Providence water front today, on the trail of a bandit who shot a bicyclist, held up a nation-fall of men at the point of a revolver, robbed the cash register of \$25, and shot and seriously wounded Patrolman Timothy P. Sullivan, who had arrested him, then fled on the bicycle through the Rhode Island State Hospital grounds.

The bandit is said to be a New Haven Irish brakeman. A man answering his description was seen sauntering along the water-front just before daylight, by rounding house employees.

The police, warned by Patrolman Sullivan's fate, will shoot to kill if the desperado is found and offers armed resistance.

Though the man is thought to be still in the city limits, warning has been sent to police of other cities as far as Boston, Worcester, and New London.

Patrolman Sullivan's condition was improved today. He was shot in the abdomen, but the bullet has been extracted. Surgeons say he will recover.

SHOTS POLITICAL.
Solidarity was what greeted the man at Ferry and Willard avenues. The desperado was walking about at 4:45 in his possession of a bicycle as Sullivan arrived at the box on the corner to put a duty call.

As the bandit turned up his hand the description of a bicycle that had been reported stolen from in front of the house at No. 143 Dallas street.

Sullivan remembered passing the man and started down Ferry avenue. He saw the bicycle from a distance. He asked the bartender to get the man who owned the machine. The man refused to come out and Sullivan went to the house at No. 143 to the patrol box.

The prisoner asked a blow at Sullivan, but the policeman threw up his hands and crumpled in a heap on the sidewalk. The fellow pocketed the revolver and fled down Ferry avenue.

The desperado, who had been seen at the house at No. 143 Dallas street, turned into Chester avenue and into Falmouth street, where he was followed by Joseph Connolly at No. 225 Fifth street. Both men and five men had their feet on the rail.

ON TRAIL OF REVENGE.
The bandit drew the revolver and aimed the well held up White, robbed the cash register of \$25 and shot the man who owned the machine. The desperado was walking about at 4:45 in his possession of a bicycle as Sullivan arrived at the box on the corner to put a duty call.

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WINS HEART OF DIVORCED HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

Undrained by the outcome of her first venture in matrimony, which ended by her divorcing her husband following his arrest and conviction for bigamy, Mrs. Edna Moore Smith, a former Somerville High School girl, who is on her second honeymoon.

Mrs. Clark's first husband, James Russell Smith, who she quietly married at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Wood, at No. 75 Russell street, West Somerville.

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WINS HEART OF DIVORCED HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

Undrained by the outcome of her first venture in matrimony, which ended by her divorcing her husband following his arrest and conviction for bigamy, Mrs. Edna Moore Smith, a former Somerville High School girl, who is on her second honeymoon.

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FAMILY ROW OVER JILTING BY MISS YOUNG

CHICAGO, Jan. 18.—Offered by the action of Alice H. Young, daughter of General Edward C. Young, in breaking her engagement to Roland P. Foster, of Chicago, who has married Mrs. Elizabeth S. Heiding, wealthy grandmother of the Beverly Hills social set, it was learned today that she lives with her brother-in-law, Hiram H. Heiding, in Riverside.

Alice H. Young is said to have been precipitated between the members of the Young family by the death of Mr. A. C. Young, her father.

"I have not seen Mrs. Young, nor Alice," said Mr. Foster, "since their return from St. Louis, and I am unable to say whether or no they are staying with my brother here in Riverside." He added that he had never seen which she still leave here. I have nothing to report regarding her except that which, after all, concern her family."

Mr. Foster's Yearling says she gave up news. "He is at his office," she said.

"Not so, General Young," said the girl. "My father's daughter is indifferent, but I refuse to answer questions about him."

There is only serious misunderstanding between them now, it is said, and he was asked,

"Do you mean an important question and I refuse to answer?" was the reply.

Miss Young told a reporter at Beverly Hills her mother was not feeling well and could see no one. Fifteen minutes later Miss Alice and her mother, with a young girl companion boarded a train for Chicago. Both refused to comment on Mrs. Belding's actions.

The cars of the Boston & Worcester Street Railway Company will be operated between Chestnut Hill and Faneuil Hall under the new "limited stops" method of operation, beginning today. Such cars will take passengers only to the Chestnut Hill Village, at Massachusetts and Huntington streets, and to South Braintree street and Columbus avenue.

pany.

14

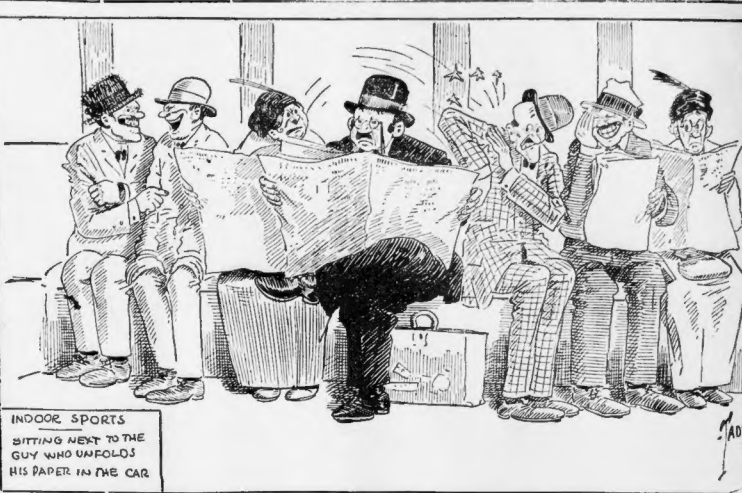
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QUIMET FORCED TO GIVE UP
GOLF PLAY ON LONDON LINKS
OWING TO SEVERE NOSE BLEED

INDOOR SPORTS



Sidelights on Sports

By A. H. C. MITCHELL.

The first thing Connie Mack did when he arrived at his hotel in Boston today was to get in touch with oneface Whipple.

"Where's that soup?" he demanded.

"Getting it ready now. Mr. Mack. 'll be ready for lunch."

"All right, don't fail me. We need badly."

This conversation held in the presence of the writer called for some explanation, so the great baseball general elucidated:

"Whenever we come to Boston after a losing streak, Mr. Whipple is prepared for us a special kind of soup that is guaranteed to make our team win. It has never been known to fail. As the Athletics haven't won a game this season I thought it about time to call for the

MacK brought all his world's champions with him for the five-game battle against the Red Sox which begins this afternoon. Harry Davis, the major domo of the team, is here, too, is Eddie Plank and Chief Bender, although there is hardly a chance either of the great pitchers will appear on the mound at Fenway.

"I don't expect that either Plank or Bender will pitch for some time," said Mack. "It is possible that Eddie might go three innings, but that could be about all. They will be heard from later. Just now I am relying on my young pitchers."

"My pitchers haven't shown anything yet, and as the boys haven't begun to bat we haven't won any games. But that's all right. We will be coming fast before long. We have the same club as last year; no changes, no new pitchers. I have a

"We had good weather in New York and sneaking of New York I want to tell you they have a different team over there this year. You, sir, you can't fool along with Chance's club this season. Looks like a brand new, fast, aggressive team with some new pitchers on the staff."

Connie was cheerful. "Just wait till our team gets out there and we'll show 'em."

Asked about the Federal League, he said:

"I think the Feds will hang themselves if organized ball will only give them the rope. I see no chance for them to eventually succeed. Baltimore and one or two other cities seem to be crazy about them, but Baltimore isn't a big league town and will never pay big league prices."

see a bill game. There are several ways the Feds could be beaten organized baseball if they care put on the pressure, but, as I say, believe they will hang themselves. They don't know what they're up against."

YESTERDAY'S SCORES.
WASHINGTON.

	ad.	f	w.h.	b.b.	p.a.	t
Seller, J.F.		6	0	2	1	9
Crozier, Sh.		4	0	0	0	2
Foss, A.B.		4	0	0	0	1
Mandil, W.		4	0	1	14	17
Horgan, Th.		4	0	1	2	7
Kaniken, L.F.		4	0	0	0	4
Gary, C.		4	0	0	0	4
Wright, R.A.		4	0	0	0	4
Berling, P.		3	0	1	1	5
Totals:		38	1	6	7	52
RED SOX						

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Thomas M. Morgan, State on Ball-175	
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ton, at Leonard E. MacCraw hits Mueller,	
super. Double play—Brocking to Morgan to	
ind. Double—Connelly and Dinson. At-	
dence 2-0.	

BASE BALL CAPT-TO-DAY

Teams	Per cent. If		Pitchers
	Per cent. if they win.	Average they lose today.	
Philadelphia	313	606	Shawkey or Plank
At Boston	350	333	Bedient or Collins
Washington	750	567	Egan or Johnson

At New York	1,000	567	1,000	Keating or Schulz
St. Louis	750	500	667	Mitchell or Leverenz
At Chicago	1,000	500	1,000	Scott or Walsh
Cleveland	250	300	500	Kahler or Mitchell
At Detroit	500	250	333	Hall or Comstock

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Boston	333	500	500	James or Strand
At Philadelphia	1,000	667	1,000	Chalmers or Marshall

New York	323	.589	.080	Mathewson or Demaree
At Brooklyn	1,000	.667	1,000	Ita, an or Allen
Chicago	.667	.333	.500	Humphries or Cheney
At St. Louis	.400	.200	.250	Robinson or Griner
Pittsburgh	.600	.600	.750	O'Toole or Adams
At Cincinnati	.333	.500	.500	Johnson or Benton

Bowling with Walsh

ST. JOHN, N. B., April 15.—Before an enthusiastic audience at Black's bowling alley, Paul Pothier and Archie Walsh, champion bowlers of the New England States met in the first round of their twenty-string contest, Walsh being defeated by ten pins.

The scores:

Paul Pothier	100
Archie Walsh	90

Open Revere Track

Everything is in readiness for opening of the bike season at the Revere Beach Oval on Monday afternoon. The main event will be a twenty-five-mile motor paced race which brings together George Wirth of Syracuse, Elmer Collins of Lynn, and a Syracuse amateur of Lynn.

103 110, 92, 112—1060.
Welsh—102, 107, 112, 101, 106, 98,
117, 100, 85—1030.

All Answers

.. IN THE ..

Boston American
Picture Answer
Contest

 **MUST** 

*Be Turned In
or Mailed to Show
Postmark*

Before 10 O'Clock
Tonight

1951

1997

Krazy Kat

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Well, What Is It?



We all gotta go to church tomorrow—but we'll be back on the job Monday.

THE DINGBAT FAMILY

Copyright, 1914, by International News Service



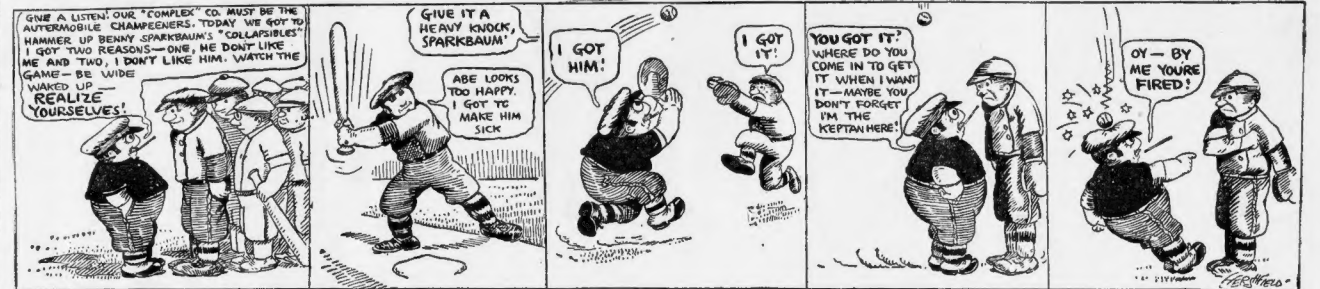
JERRY ON THE JOB

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ABIE THE AGENT

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POLLY AND HER PALS

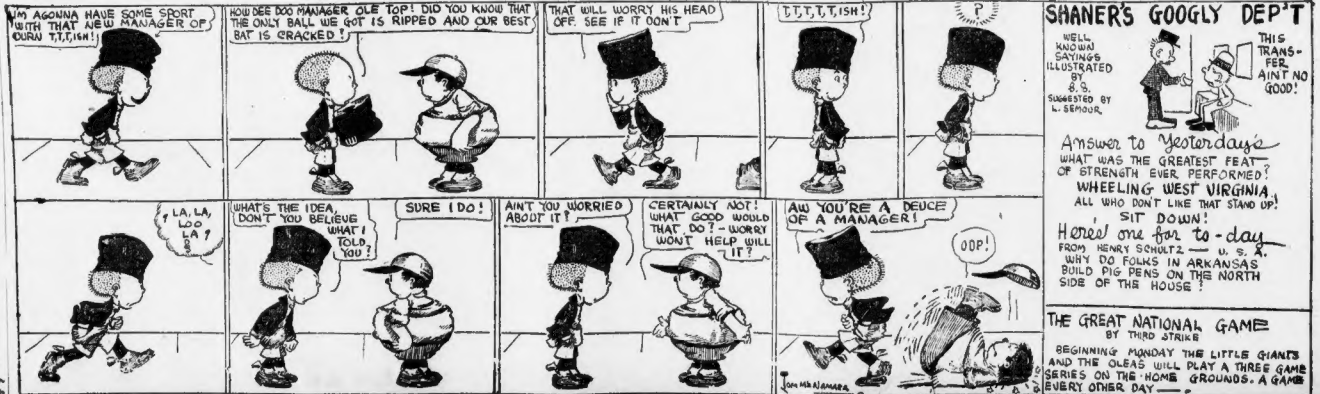
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US BOYS

Registered United States Patent Office

Well—Stallings or Carrigan Never Worry Over Such Details



THE AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE PAGE

LOYALTY

A Thrilling Motion Picture Serial Novel—Every Episode of This Story Can Be Seen in Pictures by the Eclectic Film Co.

READ It Here Now—THEN Go and See It in Motion Pictures.



"It is Hans, your old sweetheart."

CHAPTER VI.
FOR many days Gretchen lay on her bed in the hospital with her eyes closed. She was attended by nurses who, as ordered by the specialist in charge of her case, discouraged all her attempts at conversation. No visitors were permitted to see her.

At length the day came when she was permitted to sit up in bed. The bandages were to be removed. Gretchen could distinguish several different male voices in the room. She had no means of knowing that these were the voices of distinguished physicians summoned in consultation for the nurse would answer more of her questions.

"Nurse, you may remove the bandage from the patient's eyes," she heard her physician say.

She felt the bandages removed. She turned her face to the right and left. "What do you see?" "I see nothing," said Gretchen. "Nothing but darkness," said Gretchen. "I am myself," said her physician. She felt his fingers lifting up her face. Then she saw Gretchen's eyes were closed.

"Why are there no lights?" said Gretchen. "Don't rub your eyes," said her physician. "I see nothing," said Gretchen. "Nothing but darkness," said Gretchen. "I am myself," said her physician. She felt his fingers lifting up her face. Then she saw Gretchen's eyes were closed.

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Seeking a Husband

By CONSTANCE CLARK

"O, now. You mean this and did a few steps of the very latest dance innovation by myself."

"Exactly, shall we try it?" And then the next minute I was back in the arms of my dancing teacher, away back and forth in a wonderful new interpretation of the hesitation.

"You're not tired, are you," he said, looking down at me.

"I should say not," returned, absolutely oblivious of the fact that I was paying a perfectly good \$5 for every half hour of being swung around the floor. And that I signed "Really," I said despairingly, "I suppose it's awfully foolish to come over here and dance. I've never known any one who could dance this way at a single place I've been this winter."

He laughed. "It's all in getting used to a person's lead, and then, of course, most of the men haven't the time to practice up fancy steps. You dance wonderfully well yourself."

"O, thank you," I said, with a compliment from one's dancing master. And then we stopped, and I said to give him up to a very fat young person who had been obviously waiting for him ever since she came in.

"I'm not going to dance with any one else," I said to Betty, who had come up with me. "It's the last dance here, and by far the best looking, and you can see that every one else seems to be of the same opinion."

Betty looked at him critically. He was good looking, but he wasn't having the best time in the world with the stout young person he was dancing with.

"You can see to try that," said a voice at my side, and I turned my head and looked at the man who was asking me to dance. He was short and not a bit good looking, and wasn't a bit crazy about dancing with him.

"I don't think so," I said. "I've been dancing and think I'll wait a few minutes."

He laughed. "You're looking at the corner of her eye. I think he likes you pretty well, and he's asking me to dance. Oh, here he comes again. Say, Pete, where did you get that stunning ring you are wearing?"

I colored guiltily. Here I was about to carry out a flirtation with a good looking dancing master, and I was being asked to dance by a man who didn't have time to do more than explain to Betty, because she was sitting down at my side and asking me if I were ready to start again.

"I'm very close, I thought, as we swung into the waltz, but then Peter was just insisting that the new dance is it. I queried, thinking of the stout person who had taken him from me, and who was now resigned to the commonplace little dance which he had asked me to do before."

"No, but we frequently break away from the set pattern," he answered, drawing me closer. "I am doing at this present moment."

Dick's ring flashed all sorts of things at me in my mind, but I couldn't help saying: "And you enjoy your last pupil?" He threw back his head and laughed. "You see, my dear, I'm a very morning," he explained, "and she always comes up to dance with me on one night I have had her out early. You are coming up again, aren't you? Really, you need another lesson on that outward dip. And then I looked at him quickly and we both laughed. "You will, won't you?"

"Oh, I think so," I said carelessly. "I'm looking back when we reached the door and he was watching me all the while. I said to myself, 'He is a handsome fellow.' I said to myself, 'Let's come up tomorrow, and we'll have a lesson.'"

Beauty and Plain Water

Some Valuable Hints From a Pretty Girl

walking near the water is more beneficial than waiting anywhere else. There seems to be a fresh quality about the air hovering over a clear stream or the salt fragrance drifting in from the ocean that will bring roses to the cheeks quicker than anything else.

"Sometimes, I think I'd like to have an island all my own, where I could be alone."

"Dark," Mr. Jenkins divined. "Yes, and very long—the ladies, I mean. And her complexion is—oh—"

"That's it to a T. And she was a blue-gray sailor suit, a dumpy little hat—black velvet I guess. Don't know just how you describe it, shaped like this." And he pictured its contour with his hands. "Then shoes and a black coat of a kind of—"

"When shall we communicate with you, at the office or your home?" "Home," he replied. "I won't be in the office for a while."

"Very well; will you call just as soon as you get a clew." Jack hurried out to his waiting car and gave the chauffeur his Fifth avenue address. It was a long time before he came back. He knew that he felt a catch in his throat and a jumping of the heart at the thought of what this picture would mean to his mother and to Josephine, and of what it meant to him. But it was not of his mother, Scott had cast the die when he shattered the symbol of the bond between Gretchen and his home life, even those of mother and sister, there was but one choice and he had it.

The taxi cab chugged along the brilliant street in his car. He was about to leave it for a moment. What did it matter, after all? Life meant more than mother and sister and country clubs. There came to him the picture of a little corner that abutted one corner of the links. It was vine covered and a little overgrown, but it was his. He had longed for its lovely comfort and simplicity. He had longed for it since an aristocrat. At any rate this was his. He thought of Gretchen, of Gretchen closer to his heart. He threw open the door, stepped out, and addressed to the chauffeur. It was a Jeweller.

"Hurry," he ordered; "it's nearly closing time." He had Gretchen's transaction took him about three minutes. He bought a plain engagement ring and a wedding band. Then he hurried back to the car. Arrived home he let himself in with his latch key and rang for the butler.

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HELP WANTED

The Thrilling Story of a Girl Who Won Her Fight for Love Against Tremendous Odds

Read on Janice Let's meet the man who won her fight for love against tremendous odds. He is the man who won her fight for love against tremendous odds. He is the man who won her fight for love against tremendous odds.

By WEISTER DENISON

"Yes, I know; but the details; hair, eyes, features, clothes and all that."

"Oh! Well, she has sort of golden brown hair, blue eyes—very large, with the prettiest kind of brows and lashes—"

"Dark," Mr. Jenkins divined. "Yes, and very long—the ladies, I mean. And her complexion is—oh—"

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Experienced Operators to
Sew Men's Hats. Apply at
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CARROLL, HIXON
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Also Skirt Makers and Asst.
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For cleaning and shining of shoes.
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For Sale. Apply at 100 South Street, Boston.

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NOTICE TO VOTERS.
1914.

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BOSTON AMERICAN

50 AND 55 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1914.

"How Do You Want Your Wife to Dress?"

The Fashion Editor Wants to Know. It is a Complicated Question.

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company

A fashion editor recently asked the question: "HOW DO YOU want your wife to dress?" He says:

It can need no presentation by me to convince you that the dress tendencies of the day, in so far as women are concerned, are much too un-American to endure. Not only morally, but economically, have they overstepped the bounds of common sense. Such, as it is, is the opinion of many of our leading citizens. This is really the situation. Investigation by vice commit-

tees in several States prove that "crazy for dress" is to a considerable degree responsible for the national increase of vice. Furthermore, any survey of the causes of what is termed the "high cost of living" is bound to embrace "dress mania" among others, for it is a fact that in subscribing to the impractical or sensational in fashion a woman always subscribes to extravagance.

First, we must tell our conscience-stricken friend, the fashion editor, that we do not believe there is any "national increase of vice."

The human being is very much the same creature year in and year out, in one century or another century.

In the Puritan days in our country, for instance, the human being devoted a good deal of energy to concealing what he really felt and was, but he WAS about the same as before. So much being said, we will try to answer the question, "How do you want your wife to dress?" in a general way, as becomes the editor of a newspaper read by several millions of woman-fearing men.

We should like to see women, little girls, young women, married women of all ages and old maids dress about as follows:

They ought to wear sensible shoes of two kinds. For wear indoors soft felt soles that would make no noise and give the wearer a chance to develop the muscles of the feet and especially of the toes. With the felt soles come a supporting arch to prevent the breaking down of the arch of the foot—in cases of incurable weakness.

For use out of doors we would have a broad shoe, with a thick sole, to protect the feet in walking over rough ground. We wish that somebody would invent a very thick sole made of cork that would be light, with an outside covering of steel or some very solid protecting surface. We would have these walking shoes laced above the ankle, but not too tightly.

Nobody has ever invented a good scheme for making long stockings stay up. Putting a tight garter around the leg is a crime and stops circulation.

The long, dreary garters that you see in the fashion papers; a sort of a clutch fastened to a long strip of ribbon or rubber, are bad, because THEY MUST BE FASTENED TO A CORSET, AND THAT CORSET IS BAD.

Our opinion is that women, like men, ought to wear socks. In the winter time they should wear long suits of underclothing, that would come down to their ankles, keeping the body warm. And the socks could be drawn up outside of the lower extremities of this underclothing and fastened with a garter around the leg, just below the knee, but not tight—such as men wear.

Women ought to dress warmly in winter, selecting a material that allows the air to reach the body.

In cold weather they should wear bloomers, well made knickerbockers, under their skirts. Sensible women would wear bloomers of good light woolen material, and foolish women would wear silk and fancy stuff.

Warm underclothing, reaching from the shoulders to the ankles. Socks, reaching as high as the bloomers. A good, substantial skirt on the outside, a good shirtwaist and a warm jacket going with the skirt—this is ideal for wear in the daytime out of doors.

EVERYTHING THAT AN AMERICAN WOMAN WEARS OUGHT TO BE MADE IN AMERICA

It should not be necessary to say that. If a prosperous woman had a poor sister who was a dress-maker, she would be ashamed to refuse her sister a chance to make a living as a dressmaker.

The rich American woman has thousands of poor sisters who are dressmakers, and she ought to be ashamed to take the work away from these sisters and give it to women abroad—simply because those women abroad have the knack of making her look a little more respectable than she can be made to look at home.

Our ideal picture of an American woman is a woman with strong, stout shoes, good, sensible socks, light, flimsy underwear in summer, heavy, substantial underwear from the shoulders to the ankles in winter. Knickerbockers, light or heavy, in all seasons, a short skirt coming down to her ankles, a sensible jacket that could button up tight around the throat in wind and rain, a shirtwaist—preferably of flannel in the day time, and silk or lace in the evening, under the jacket.

We can tell women this:

A healthy woman with bright, clear eyes, a good complexion, straight shoulders, a wide, high forehead with the hair drawn back, a very simple hat, good, big shoes and feet, a plain blue skirt and a blue jacket, is a much more pleasing thing to a man worth while than a poor creature with a hat on one side, high heels, a skirt slit up the side, with two or three hoops over it, a rope around her knees, an imitation of a pagoda around her hips and the general look of a poor, distracted creature trying to be anything on earth but human.

There are two things in a man: First, the primitive savage, and, second, the partially civilized human being.

The savage part of man likes to see in a woman good looks, that is to say, HEALTH. Nature takes care that the man shall select as the mother of his children the healthiest woman that he can find and persuade to marry him. Nature also takes good care that the woman shall select as the father of her children the healthiest, strongest man that she can find.

What man really wants, although he doesn't know it, is HEALTH.

Health means good color, clear complexion, a deep, well-developed chest, supplying oxygen to the blood, a strong, well-developed body.

The other part of man, the half-civilized being recently developed in the top of his skull, wants to find a woman INTELLIGENT.

Intelligence includes justice, kindness, appreciation, sympathy.

The ideal woman is the healthy woman, dressed about as we have suggested, with a good forehead, a good complexion, a clear eye, a reasonable contempt for man and his weaknesses combined with willingness to give him a chance.

Huerta Says: "I Will Salute Your Flag If You Will Salute Mine"



HOW BILL GOT ALONG



When Bill got back to his desk after being called into the boss's office and accused of selling the figures on some contracts to a rival firm, he began trying to figure out how he could get the proof on the fellow that did it. He suspected the man who had watched him so intently when he was coming out of the boss's office, but how to catch him with the goods was another thing. This fellow had been with the firm a very long time, and when Bill had been put in charge of the department this fellow had shown in several ways that he resented it. As Bill sat thinking, this same fellow made several excuses to hover around Bill and ask him questions, but Bill didn't let on at all that anything was wrong. Things went along this way for several days, until Bill noticed this same fellow, who thought he was all alone, writing down some figures in a little memorandum book. Bill walked up unexpectedly

behind him and just got a glimpse of it before he hastily put it back in his pocket. Bill let on he hadn't noticed this at all, but a little while afterward he slipped in and got the book, asking him to come along with him, as he had a little surprise to show him. They went into the department Bill had charge of. Everyone else was out to lunch except the fellow that Bill suspected. Bill beckoned to the boss to follow him and walked up to this fellow and said: "Here, sir, is the man that sold the contract bids to that rival firm." At this the fellow jumped up and to do so his coat lapel fell back, exposing his inside pocket. Before he realized what had happened, Bill had whisked the little memorandum book out of his inside pocket and handed it to the boss, saying, "And here are the figures in this book." The fellow made a dive for the book, but Bill stopped in front of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Toughest "Khg Job" in All the World

Embarrassing situation of the cultured new rulers of Albania, who have to kiss 100 of their bearded subjects every day, whose guests eat with their battle knives and wore "Royal Palace" is an unsanitary hotel. This article appears in tomorrow's Boston Sunday AMERICAN, which will also publish the following great exclusive features:

A New Plan to Make Our Own Weather and Control Our Crops.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the great English scientist, suggests a way of bringing rain where it is wanted, dry weather at will, and stimulating our food plants by urinating the earth into a gigantic Leyden jar that will tap or waste floods of electricity from the sun.

How America Has Debauched the Fine Old Gallantry of France.

An interesting lament by the Chevalier Andre de Fouquieres, the Parisian Arbitrator of Elegance.

Science Explodes Another Old-Fashioned Belief.

Professor Edward K. Strong of Columbia University explains why the idea that babies can be "marked" by prenatal influence has been discarded.

Why a Vacation in the Mountains Does You Good.

In high altitudes the air contains just the elements needed for the healthy growth of our red blood corpuscles.

To Let Lanteme Lie Easy in Her Grave.

Paris greatly perplexed over the motive of "Bluebeard" Edwards in leaving all his millions to a beautiful young actress who had been his wife's best friend.

Mimicking Death's Own Tricks to Make the Air Safe.

An extraordinary number of two of the newest, most astonishing and most perilous feats ever attempted by aviators.

How You Pay for More Gas and Electricity Than You Use.

As Professor A. L. Hodge points out in an article which every consumer of light and heat should read, we get only half a cent's worth of electric light for every dollar the meter charges, and a tremendous amount of the gas we pay for is wasted by the inefficiency of our stoves and cooking utensils.

Pharaoh's Tomb Looted Before He Grew Cold.

The oldest pyramid on which a monarch expended every resource to make it inviolable, now found stripped of its wealth by the very guardians trusted to protect its sacred treasures 5,000 years ago.

More New Hats.

The new mannish sailor hats, the extremely odd dinner bell hat and other advanced fashion novelties described by Lady Duff-Gordon, the famous Lucile of London and foremost creator of fashions in the world.

All in tomorrow's Boston Sunday AMERICAN, New England's greatest newspaper, supreme in circulation, supreme in big, exclusive features.

Some Marital Mistakes

The Biggest of All Is Marriage Without Love. There Must Be Plenty of That.

By DOROTHY LIX

TO MARRY on insufficient means because when the bill collector begins to pound on the door Cupid jumps out of the window. To marry a woman because she is a perfect ornament and expect her to turn into a kitchen utensil as soon as the marriage ceremony is over. To marry a drunken rouser and expect him to be metamorphosed into a model of the domestic virtues. For either a man or a woman to marry with the intention of making over the other's character to suit his or her ideal. To marry a person whose tastes are not similar to your own. To marry out of your own class either socially, financially, intellectually or morally. To cut out the jolly because you are married. During courtship flattery is an aid to success. After marriage it is a necessity. To fall into the error of thinking that matrimony gives one the privilege of eating onions, wearing brown shoes and telling unpleasant truths in the home circle. For a husband or wife to control the other's personal liberty. The man who opens his wife's letters and the woman who goes through her husband's pockets will inevitably come to hate each other. To try to live together twelve months in the year. To be separated too much. To try to live with either his family or her family. Not to settle the money question before marriage. To appeal to outsiders to arbitrate their family affairs. To try to live in a boarding house or hotel. The lack of a home is the first aid to divorce. For the wife not to have plenty of work to do to fill up her hands and thoughts. To marry until the woman has had her fill of admiration from men, and the man is tired of running with the boys. For the man not to throw responsibility on his wife's shoulders, and make her feel that she must be his real helpmeet. Instead of a doll to dress up and play with. Not to have children. Not to play together. The man who takes his amusements always among men and the woman who goes to nothing but men parties will soon find out that they can be happy apart. And the greatest mistake of all is to marry without love. If there is plenty of that nothing else much matters.

The Open Sesame

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY

SOCIETY'S pet you purchase them you wish to be. So freely I give you this true Open Sesame.

Bravo, you say? They are an oddity.

Nobody values that. Considering that ten parties

Beauty of course would be sold.

For the Midas touch of the fairy gold.

Since fame and name and old position

All fade neath golden opportunity.

Eastward ways of strange propriety

Whirl you now into gay Society.

Not thoughts or deeds—Society goes

A-docking to twinkle its heels and toes.

And you cannot fail—I will put you hep

If you'll just haven't a Tangle Sheet